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Connecticut Western News.

NULLA VESTIGIA RETRORSUM.

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THE CLOUD ON THE BROW.

The sky may be clear
And the landscape look bright,
And full of good cheer
In the sun's golden light,
When over the scene comes an ominous cloud
The prospect serene in deep darkness to shroud.

But the clouds that appear
In the world out of doors,
Though the storm be severe
And a tempest down pours,
Will do us less harm, every heart will allow,
And cause less alarm than a cloud on the brow.

A cloud on the face
Of a friend that we love
Will hide every trace
Of the sunshine above,
Fill the heart with its gloom, and the atmosphere chill,
Like a shadow of doom, the foreboding of ill.

The infant will smile
In the fond nurse's arms,
Who strives to beguile
And to soothe its alarms,
But soon ill at ease, its distress 'twill avow
Whenever it sees there's a cloud on her brows.

Ah, many will roam,
Seeking places more fair,
When the gardens at home
Need their culture and care;
And many bright flowers a brief race have run
Because for long hours kept out of the sun.

Let the sunshine come in!
It will do us all good;
Its way let it win
Where the shadows now brood!
And, once in the heart, it will manage somehow
To dispel with weird art every cloud from the brow.

The Heiress.

"I don't think he cares two straws for me," thought Elsie Miller, pulling the withered roses out of her hair with a quick, impatient little jerk. "And he used to be so different. Oh, dear! talk about the fickleness of women. Men are twenty times as unaccountable. But I don't care one particle."

And, in undeniable proof of her indifference, the round, bright drops rolled down her fresh, pink cheeks, and her lip quivered.

Elsie was a pretty, piquant little damsel, with eyes as blue as china marbles, a complexion like a damask rose, and bright tendrils of silken hair, partaking decidedly of the reddish hue, greatly to our heroine's daily dissatisfaction.

"Nobody has red hair in all my novels," said Elsie, almost ready to despair.

Aunt Bridget Merriam had brought Elsie up until she stood on the threshold of her seventeenth year—brought her up in a kindly, old-fashioned sort of way, to knit and sew, and to make her own fresh little merino dresses, and stitch her own spotless linen collars.

"For there's no knowing what tribulation a body may have to pass through in the world, Elsie," said the old lady solemnly; "and it's always just as well to be able to turn your hand to a'most anything. I've lived sixty and seven years, and I've found out that Heaven helps those who helps themselves."

So Elsie unconsciously provided herself for a stormy future, brightening up whatever weapons nature had given her for that battle with the world which Aunt Bridget appeared to consider almost inevitable. And when Aunt Bridget died suddenly, and she was left alone, poor Elsie thought vaguely of dress-making, school-teaching, copying—all the make-shifts by which women now-a-days contrive to stave off the wolf's footsteps from their doors.

"This is a very unexpected stroke of providence, Miss Miller," said Mr. Peck, the solemn-faced lawyer.

"Yes, sir, indeed it is," said Elsie, sadly, thinking how lonely the house would be without Aunt Bridget's brisk step, and aged, kindly face.

"But we must all be prepared to meet the dispensation of a higher wisdom than ours," he added.

"Yes, sir," said Elsie, wishing he would stop talking in that sanctimonious whine, and tell her whether she had better accept the situation as teacher in the district school, or go as governess to Squire Dalton's six motherless little girls.

"And we, none of us suspected for an instant that our dear departed friend was worth fifty thousand dollars."

"Fifty thousand dollars!" Elsie opened her china-blue eyes widely enough now.

"Exactly that sum, my dear Miss Miller—and she has been—been—been pleased to testify her confidence in my—ha—humble abilities, by constituting me your guardian until you reach the age of twenty-one years. Allow me—hum—to proffer my most cordial congratulations."

How Mr. Peck wished his Freddy was twenty instead of ten years of age!

"For," he inwardly reasoned, stroking his lank, bristly chin, "she's sure to fall a victim to some fortune-hunter or other. And she's such a fool."

But Mr. Peck was mistaken in that last estimate. Elsie Miller was no fool.

Gervaise Colton heard the story of Miss Miller's good fortune in silence.

"I am glad you told me," he said to his informant, Squire Dalton. "I was going there this very evening, to ask Elsie if she would accept a home at my hands."

"Do you mean, marry you?" demanded the straightforward squire.

"Certainly—of course."

"My dear boy, you couldn't do a more sensible thing. You'll have the richest wife and the prettiest wife in the town, and I always thought that little Elsie fancied you. Go, by all means."

"Never!" said Gervaise, emphatically.

"Hallo!" cried the squire, dropping the red silk handkerchief that he was flourishing about, and staring fixedly at the handsome young man opposite him.

"I would sooner cut my right hand off than give people occasion to call me a fortune-hunter," said Colton, with quiet determination, that made his mouth look like iron, his brows like adamant.

"Gammon!" said the squire, rather uncourteously; "didn't you just tell me you were about to propose to her, under the impression that she hadn't a penny in the world?"

"Yes, I told you so, and it was the truth—but it would be rather difficult to convince the world in general of it."

"Oh, bother the world in general! What do you care for its verdict one way or the other?"

But Colton shook his head.

"I have striven all my life long to be an honorable gentleman," said he calmly—"nor shall I allow the shadow of a shade to dim my character now. I love Elsie Miller as truly and tenderly as a man can love, but I will not submit to be called an heiress-hunter!"

"But, my dear boy, please reflect that the days of Don Quixote are over. Nobody will appreciate the sacrifice you are making; and Elsie herself will probably marry some calculating merchant or other, who won't make half so good a husband to her as you would have done."

Gervaise Colton remained obstinately unconvinced, however, and the squire's eloquence was utterly thrown away.

And little Elsie? How she marvelled at Gervaise's altered manner—at his cold constraint and distant politeness; what scalding tears she cried into her midnight pillow, and how vainly she tried to read the unreadable riddle.

"I'm sure he used to like me," said Elsie, as she bathed her eyes with rose-water in the mornings. "And there's the rose-buds he gave me just before Aunt Bridget died, and the letters he used to write, and—and——"

So ended most of Miss Elsie's soliloquies—in tears.

"But I don't care!" persisted our heroine.

The months passed away, and still Gervaise adhered to his new role of distant, courteous friend, and one night Elsie resolved to ask him what she had done to forfeit the whole place in his heart.

So she marched up to him, in the merry confusion of good Squire Dalton's birthday party—a resolute little soldier, in armor of white muslin and shield of roses.

Gervaise was leaning sadly against the door, listening abstractedly to the music, when Elsie laid her bouquet of roses lightly on his arm.

"Gervaise!"

He started.

"Miss Miller!"

"Miss Miller," she repeated, bitterly. "Oh! Gervaise—you used to call me Elsie once. Why are you so cold—so changed? What have I said or done to lose your friendship?"

"Nothing," he answered, strangely embarrassed.

"Gervaise!"

"Will you excuse me," he said, hurriedly. "I see a friend to whom I must speak."

Elsie stood with her cheeks flaming like the roses in her hand, and her blue eyes humid with tears. Had she humiliated herself in vain?

And this was the night she went home and declared, for at least the hundred and ninety-ninth time, that "she didn't care."

"I cannot endure this," thought Gervaise Colton. "I shall forget dignity, manhood, resolution and everything else if she looks me in the eyes like that once again. Oh, if Miss Bridget Merriam's fifty thousand dollars could be thrown into the sea!"

All that night Gervaise spent in packing his valise, burning old letters, and setting his affairs in order for a journey.

"I may as well go out West," he thought. "It's a wide place and a lonely place, and I shall be safe from the besetting demon of temptation only there. I may surely keep this little bunch of dried violets that she gave me the day of the picnic; she will never know."

Alas, there was little of consolation in that last reflection.

"Ought I to write and bid her goodby?" he pondered, with an indescribable yearning, for the one last link to bridge over the dividing currents of their lives. "No, I must leave her free, unfettered even by a fancy."

Gervaise Colton sat underneath the swinging lamp of the express train as it thundered through the midnight solitudes, with folded arms, and sleepless, staring eyes. He was leaving hope, happiness, sunshine, behind him forever.

Oh, why had Providence made the path of duty so narrow, and so beset by prickly thorns? Why must he fight such a perpetual battle with himself? Would it not be better to die at once?

As the vague, repining aspiration after the peace and oblivion of death came across his mind, there was a crash—a jar—a noise like the rending of beams and splintering of arches—and Gervaise Colton was thrown violently against the side of the car, with a concussion that for a few moments deprived him of sense or consciousness. Then he struggled up, sick and faint, into a sitting position, and became aware that he was surrounded by dead and dying.

The train had run off the track, and the three foremost cars were precipitated into a sort of gorge or declivity some seven or eight feet deep, just beyond. Gervaise Colton had wished for death—here it was, face to face with him. No wonder that he shrank appalled from the ghastly sight.

Steadying himself by the broken seat, he rose to his feet, convincing himself that he was not seriously hurt, beyond a bruise or two, and began to assist his less fortunate fellow travelers.

Almost directly behind him had sat a man in a slouched hat and muffled face; he lay now beneath a mass of splintered woodwork and shivered glass.

"It's no use," he groaned feebly, as Gervaise dragged away the super-incumbent weight, and tried to lift him up; "I'm dying fast; there's an ugly gash on the back of my head that all the surgeons in creation couldn't close up again. Let me die in peace."

"Why, it is Jotham Peck!" exclaimed Gervaise, recognizing the lawyer's voice, husky and faint though it was.

"Yes, Gervaise Colton, it is I," faltered the dying man. "Go back to Elsie Miller and tell her she is penniless once more. I have risked her fortune in railroad shares, and lost it; but if I had succeeded—and they looked promising—they looked promising—I should have doubled it for her. I was on my way to Europe. I dared not look in her face, and tell her what I am telling you. But it is all over now. God will judge me more charitably than man would have done; and I meant well indeed—indeed, I meant well. For——"

There was a choking sort of gurgle in his throat—a rush of crimson blood over his lips—and the next moment Gervaise Colton was holding a dead man's head upon his knee. * * *

"Lost! My fortune all lost! Stop a moment, Gervaise, and let me collect my thoughts—my head is growing dizzy, I think."

Elsie Miller had cared as little for the money glitter of wealth as woman could, and yet this shock came to her sharp and sudden. No more luxury, no more indolent indulgences, no more day dreams. She must turn once more to the hard, dusty high-road of work-day life; and oh! how lonely and desolate she felt in the contemplation of that new existence.

"Oh, Gervaise, Gervaise, what shall I do?"

The words broke almost in voluntarily from her parched lips; there was an imploring gleam in her blue eyes.

"I will tell you, Elsie," he said, gently taking both her cold, fluttering hands in his. "Trust yourself to me—give your future into my care. And may Heaven be my judge if ever I fail in the charge it has committed to me!"

"Gervaise—I—I am a little bewildered by this strange, sudden calamity, and I do not quite understand you."

"I love you, Elsie—I would fain make you my wife. That should surely be plain enough," he said fondly.

"But my money is all gone. I am poor as the beggars on yonder pavement."

"I rejoice that it is gone, Elsie. Your wealth has been a barrier between us long enough—now I may dare to speak out what has been in my heart for years. Thank God that you are poor, Elsie."

She looked at him with a new light breaking in upon her mind and memory.

"Oh, Gervaise, how cruelly you have misjudged!"

"That's not the question, Elsie," he answered, tenderly. "Will you be my wife? Will you give me the right to care for you and protect you always?"

She laid her hot cheek upon his shoulder.

"I have loved you Gervaise, as long and as faithfully as you have loved me." The barrier was broken down at last, and heart met heart.

"I am poor to-night," said Elsie, half-jestingly, as she sat in the twilight with her hand close-imprisoned in Gervaise's tender clasp, "but I think I am richer than I have ever been before."

She was an heiress no longer—she was only plain little Elsie Miller; yet how unspeakably precious in Gervaise Colton's eyes!

And Jotham Peck might have rested easier in his dishonored grave, knowing that he was forgiven!

Air—Oh, I'm a Daisy.

"George, dear, do you know that papa doesn't like you very well?"

"Oh yes," said George.

"And he has said that I musn't receive you any more at the house."

"Good for him," replied the young man, heartily.

"And," continued the girl, with a blanched face, "I hear him now in the woodshed untying the dog."

"Yes, I hear him; but he is standing terribly in the dog's light. Does he hate the dog?"

"No, George, dear, he hates you. But what in the world will you do? You will surely have an encounter with the ferocious animal when you go out."

George smiled a superior smile and said:

"My dear, as you know, I am a book agent. My income is derived solely from selling books. This afternoon I sold an editor of a daily paper an encyclopedia, a pronouncing dictionary, a gazetteer of natural history and a bound volume of the New York *Herald*. It took me ten minutes. I shall spend five minutes with the dog."—*Phila. Call.*

An Editor's Introduction.

Judge Tourgee, in his *Continent*, says: A. O. Bunnell, of the Danville (N. Y.) *Advertiser*, is one of the brightest and most humorous men in the country, though only those who are privileged to be counted among his best friends ever learn the real fun that is hidden behind his super-solemn phiz. The editor of the *Continent*, having recently strayed into one of the interior towns of the State, on a lecture tour, found lying on the table in the room appropriated to him at his hotel the following letter, which is worthy of a place in "Hood's Own": "Dear Judge: This will introduce you to my big brother, Major M. J. Bunnell, who, if he does not bring it himself, will certainly follow soon afterward. He is a handsomer man than I am, but not near so good. While I am only a man of words, he is a man of deeds, as his title indicates, also the fact that he is County Clerk. If he gets started (especially in his army experiences) you may find him a man of words, too; in which case I pity you."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC PARTY is still strong in Germany. The lower house of the Prussian Landtag has rejected, by a vote of 209 to 152, Herr Windhorst's motion to repeal the law abolishing the salaries of Catholic priests.

JOE EMMET'S $4,000 DOG RECTOR is a famous English animal. It was sold in Leeds for $1,250. Joe paid $900 for him. The other $3,100 is a fraud. The dog is so mischeivous that he is a nuisance and Joe would gladly give him away if anybody would take him.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT OF THE carnival in New Orleans was the presentation of a basket of choice flowers to the daughters of the late General Robert E. Lee by the General Joseph A. Mower Post, No. 1, of the Grand Army of the Republic.

STORIES OF THE FLOODS are still going the rounds. Those in charge of one of the relief boats reported that the inhabitants of a partly submerged town on the Ohio asked first for the news, next for ropes with which to anchor their houses, and then for something to eat.

ACCORDING TO THE STATEMENT of a prominent physician of Brussels, if the normal temperature of mankind were 1,000, that of the moderate smoker would be represented by 1,008, and the normal pulse under like circumstances would increase to 1,180. The heart is overworked to just the extent represented by the latter figures.

THE TOTAL NUMBER OF journals published in Great Britain is 2,015, and the total number of magazines 1,260. Of the journals, London has 401, the provinces 1,177, Wales 80, Scotland 181, Ireland 156, and the Channel Islands and Man 20. According to another classification, 179 of them are dailies. Of the magazines, 332 have a religious character.

BY THE TIME the great Yellowstone Park is finished it will be a grand affair. The United States House has passed a bill ordering 2,000 additional square miles. The former area was 3,300 square miles; so that the addition will make it sixty per cent. larger than it has been and large enough to accommodate all who will want to visit it for years to come.

ARBOR DAY, A RECENTLY established holiday in Ohio, is an institution which promises to do much for that State in the future, not only in the development of a material interest in the propagation of forests, but in an educational way. The day is devoted to setting out trees where they are needed, and the children are developing a deep interest in the good work.

IT MUST BE A PLEASANT diversion to fill one's self full of opium. A young Baltimorean went to the Hospital, to get relief from the effects of a dose of it. He said his face seemed two feet from where it really was, and he sometimes thought he had lost his legs and was walking on his chin. He was very much afraid that some one would steal one of his arms if something was not done to counteract the drug.

A PHILADELPHIA PAPER SAYS that, contrary to the popular supposition, the "Shanghaing" of sailors is carried on at that port almost as extensively as it was twenty years ago. The business is confined to the sailor boarding-house keepers, who, if it is necessary to make up a crew and men are scarce, will pick up, and often drugging, will put aboard ships anybody that falls into their hands. Many of their victims are from the country.

HERE IS A NEW complication of affairs. Twenty-two residents of Waterville, Me., have asked the town to reimburse to each of them $200 with interest, which they paid substitutes under the draft of July, 1863. The voters are to pass upon the claim at the ensuing town meeting, and their action will be looked upon with interest by those all along the line who paid for substitutes to take their places before the canon's mouth.

THERE IS A GOOD OLD fairy story of a girl who received from the good people the marvellous property of dropping pearls and diamonds from her lips whenever she spoke. This fairy girl has found a rival in a recent present to the Pope of a fish, made of solid gold, studded with rubies, which, whenever it opens its mouth, pours coins of virgin gold into the hands of its fortunate owner, but unfortunately it has not the gift of durability, and the Pope must be sparing of his tests.

A Bride in a Tree-Top.

Captain McCoy, of the *Ariadne*, gives particulars of the fearful experience of a bridal party in the storm opposite Rockport. Ira Zenor went from Rockport to be married to Miss Shryock, whose parents live opposite. J. G. Daugherty, who of late years has been running the ferry, took the groom and his friends, accompanied with a two-horse carriage, across the river on his ferryboat in the morning. Everything went well, the ceremony was performed, and the day passed pleasantly until about 5 p. m., when the party, with some addition, started to return. They consisted of Mr. Daugherty and his wife, Ira Zenor and his bride, and ten other ladies and gentlemen. After crossing an overflowed field they reached a clump of trees on the edge of the river bank, when the storm struck the frail boat, overturning it. The party clung to the trees and remained in the branches two hours, when they were rescued by a colored man in a skiff. They remained at the colored man's house until morning, when they righted their ferryboat and went to Rockport, thankful to be alive. The weather was so cold the clothing of the sufferers froze on them, and it is wonderful that no lives were lost.—*Evansville (Ind.) Journal.*

Lucky Joe Wilson's Escape.

A North Carolina paper says: One of the most adroit escapes known in criminal history was effected by Lucky Joe Wilson, the chief of a gang of desperadoes who have infested this State. Wilson was, after many fights, caught and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. On Tuesday his counsel obtained an appeal to the Supreme Court. Early one morning the warden of the jail entered his cell and found Lucky Joe lying on his mattress, which was covered with blood, as was the prisoner's shirt and mouth. His eyes were wide open and staring, his jaws fallen, and his limbs cold. Help was summoned, and the body was carried from the cell into an outhouse, laid out for burial, and placed in a plain coffin. The mother and sister of Wilson stood by the coffin and bewailed his untimely end. At dusk when every one had left the apartment, save his sister, she was horrified to see the corpse rise from the coffin, put his hands omniously to his lips and bolt from the room. She screamed and fainted. The ruse was not discovered until an hour afterward and Lucky Joe had succeeded in eluding all pursuit.

A visit to the cell showed how artfully the escape had been planned. Wilson had killed a chicken and saturated himself with the blood. Then ripping open the mattress, he concealed the chicken in it. He had scraped in a lot of snow and ice from the cell window, and kept his hands and feet well frozen in it, and when he heard footsteps in the corridor he threw the snow into a bucket. Therefore, when the jailer entered, he found Wilson's feet and hands so cold as to leave no doubt of his death.

A Hint for England.

When Napoleon said that "he could conquer the world with French infantry and Mameluke cavalry" he let fall a hint worth bearing in mind. His plan of mingling European and Asiatic troops was also that of Clive, Lally, Wellington, Napier, and other Generals trained in Eastern war. Were England to send up country in the Soudan an army of sepoys from Western India, reserving the British to guard the coast, the Mahdi's boastings would be rudely tested. The Nubian waste would have no terrors for the Rajputs, familiar as they are with that frightful Indian desert, hundreds of miles in extent, over which they hunted Tantia Topee in 1858. The Sikhs of the Punjaub would match both in bodily strength and fanatic valor the hardiest warriors of Kordofan. Above all, every outlandish mode of Eastern fighting would be well known to them. An Englishman, used to the routine of the parade ground, is bewildered by enemies who lie on their backs to spear cavalry horses that are leaping over them, or dash in under a bayonet and slash through the kneejoint of its holder, or fall down as if dead to start up the next moment and stab their opponent in the back. But all these ruses are household words to the swarthy soldiers of Hindustand, and such a qualification can hardly be over-estimated in a contest like the present.

To Disappoint a Balky Horse.

A Leominster farmer recently broke his horse of a "balky" freak in a very quiet, and, as he claims, not a cruel manner. His horse is in excellent flesh and shows no signs of neglect on the part of his master. He drove him, attached to a rack wagon, to the wood lot for a small load of wood. The animal would not pull a pound. He did not beat him with a club, but tied him to a tree and "let him stand." He went to the lot at sunset and asked him to draw, but he would not straighten a tug. "I made up my mind," said the farmer, "when that horse went to the barn he would take that load of wood. The night was not cold. I went to the barn, got blankets and covered the horse warm, and he stood until morning. Then he refused to draw. At noon I went down and he was probably hungry and lonesome. He drew that load of wood the first time I asked him. I returned and got another load before I fed him. I then rewarded him with a good dinner, which he eagerly devoured. I have drawn several loads since. Once he refused to draw, but as soon as he saw me start for the house, he started after me with the load. A horse becomes lonesome and discontented when left alone as much as a person, and I claim this method, if rightly used, is far less cruel, and is better for both horse and man than to beat the animal with a club."

Heat from Red Hot Bricks.

"Yes, I've lived out West for ten years," said a traveler, who was bearded like a forty-niner; "I mean on the peraries of Newbraska. Great country, too."

"What do the folks do for fuel?"

"Well, nowadays we're following after the Rooshuns, the Rooshun Menonites, you know, in the fuel business. They are right smart ingenious in some things, and this is the way they get over the fuel difficulty: They build their houses of four rooms, all cornering together in the center. Right there they put up a great big brick oven, with thick walls. From the furnace door back to the backyard is a passageway. Every morning, noon and night they lug a jag of straw in from the stack and burn it in the furnace. The thick brick walls get red hot, and stay so for hours, warming every room in the house. Even in the coldest weather three fires a day in the furnace will keep the house warm. For the cooking stoves we burn cornstalks to get meals with, and thus our farms raise our fuel as we go along. Pretty good scheme, ain't it?"

WHEN is a baby not a baby? When it's a little cross.

The Military Squabble.

The New York military and the veterans are having a little squabble among themselves and a bitter controversy has arisen. Gen. Shaler explains matters as follows: "In the first place the officers saw that these uniformed battalions were drawing away men from the regiments who otherwise would have remained with them. In the active regiments, as you know, there is a great deal of hard work. Now none of us like hard work. Of course there is a great deal of pleasant social intercourse, a great deal of fun and much enjoyment; but there is also a great deal of work, and young men seeing these organizations, where it is all fun and no work, resolve as soon as possible to join one of them. By doing so they see they can at once attain to a rank which they could not have secured for years in the active service, and the officers wanted very naturally to put a stop to this. Then again, they objected to the use of the uniform, as making it too common. I know men who served four years in the field during the war and did not rise to a rank higher than a captain, but here is a young fellow, if he is gifted with a good address, and has plenty of money and can tell a good story, who can be a colonel at once, after five years of service in the ranks. For in these uniformed battalions it is not the man that has served the longest, or that is possessed of the most military knowledge, that is elected as colonel; but it is the one that can the oftenest set up the champagne for the boys, and it belittles a title which we ought all to respect as a mark of honor, renders it valueless and of no account in the public estimation. I think that if this is properly set before the members of the veteran organizations that they will see its force. You go into a hotel, and it is, 'How are you, Major?' 'How are you, Colonel?' 'Come, General, what will you take?' Ask one of these military gentlemen, 'Are you a colonel?'

"'Oh, yes.'

"'Of what regiment?'

"'So-and-so Veterans.'

"'Have you a commission?'

"'No. I have no commission, but the boys elected me colonel; I guess I was a good fellow and able to set it up for 'em.'

"Is it at all wonderful that men who have won their honorable distinctions by years of service to the country feel a little sore when the whole value of them is taken away; when a man in the ranks to-day can be a major-general next week?"

Test the Seed in Time.

There are ways by which the best looking seeds may have become unreliable for planting, says Henry Ives, hence the need of tests in time. Such testing is so easy and its benefits so obvious that after once practicing it the farmer will find it not only a pleasant pastime but a real profit. Have a box of earth stand about the stove to warm it and water it, and when in a suitable condition for the seed-corn plant in rows, and the kernels at equal distance apart in the row, say an inch and a half, counting the kernels and marking the number distinctly at the end of the row. Then when they grow it will be seen what percentage (if any) fail.

Or if a number of samples of seed-corn are to be tested, a larger box should be used, so that growing side by side in the same place the condition may be alike for each. Then plant, say one row to each kind, and say twenty kernels in a row; then it will readily be seen which of the kinds sampled are most worthy to be retained for planting. In the same way any kind of seeds may be tried in advance, but in all cases count the number used for the purpose, and plant in different rows, and at given intervals in the row, and mark at the end of the row the number of seeds planted in it.

In the case of seed-corn there never was a season when such precaution was more necessary. It has been estimated that more than nine-tenths of the farmers have not got from their last year's crop any that is suitable for seed. But we read of sections where the crop was better than an average. Now, I believe it would be a great service to a large majority of farmers if some of those who were so favored would advertise to that effect, naming the kind, its distinguishing characteristics, about where it was grown, and how it would be sold; and if the result should be as it usually has been, farmers who buy will derive benefit enough just from such changing of seed to more than pay them for the cost of getting it.

High Prices for Butter.

The large trade in oleomargarine or butterine with the West Indies and South American countries is due to the extremely high prices there of real butter. Whether butter or its counterfeit is used there, it is first purchased in this country by the "packers." The agents pack it in air-tight cans in desired weights, and enclose them again in tin cases. The article is then ready for shipment to anywhere in the torrid zone. The duty on butter is high in the West Indies, and by the time the wholesale merchant there disposes of it to the retailer and the latter to the consumer the price is always treble or quadruple that of New York. The cheapest butter sold in the West Indies cost fifty cents a pound, and really fine butter is worth $2 for the same quantity. As butterine is purchased for from eight to ten cents a pound and the poorest grade of butter could not have been bought for anything like that figure, there is undoubtedly a large margin of profit in the "butter" trade with the West Indies and South American countries, unless the latter has more stringent laws in regard to the imitations of that article than prevail here.

WIT AND WISDOM.

TWO FOR A scent—The nostrils.

THE world is a comedy to those who think—a tragedy to those who feel.

SATIRE often proceeds less from ill-nature than from the desire of displaying wit.

WE never injure our own characters so much as when we attack those of others.

THE experienced merchant now plants his spring advertisements in some good family paper.

RICHES often take wings, and the feathers of these wings are to be seen on women's bonnets.

TO LOOK forward profitably we must look back. Experience of the past is the best light for the future.

THERE is a wide field of distinction between the lucky rich and the deserving rich.—*Hartford Sunday Journal.*

MANY a Presidential boomlet
That now boreth gods and men,
Will be in its little tomblet
When the robins nest again.

IT is now believed that Courtney is the author of that beautiful elegiac poem beginning: "Affliction's oar long time he bore."

MAUD—Did you enjoy your holiday at the Blinkards? Augustus—I suppose I did, as I've had a violent indigestion ever since.

A SOFT answer turneth away wrath, but this is no reason why a man should be continually exclaiming "mush" while his wife is scolding him.

AN Arabian sage being asked of whom he had learnt virtue, replied: "Of the wicked, for their crimes inspired me with a distaste for vice."

A FOOLISH philosopher, who evidently experimented on his own wife, says that when "a woman's eyes no longer brighten at a loved one's coming" she is old.

"HOW DOES it happen, doctor," asked Lawyer Coke, "that so few of your patients recover?" "Probably," quickly replied Dr. Bolus, "for the same reason that so few of your clients recover."

"IT is a beautiful thing to see a husband and wife of one mind," remarked Mrs. Fogg. "Yes," replied Fogg; "but, then, it makes a good deal of difference who carries the mind."

A GEORGIA man climbed three flights of stairs to whip an editor, and came down on the lightning-rod with his clothes half torn from his body. He always subscribes for the paper in advance now.

IN all the time that General Sherman was in Washington he never kissed Mary Walker. This proves the superiority of the bloomer costume. If she had been impeded with skirts the General would have caught her the first day.

A YOUNG man who had been going with a Vermont girl for some time, and had made her several presents, asked her one day if she would accept a puppy. He was awful mad when she replied that her mother had told her if he proposed to her to say no.

THERE is said to be an old gentleman in this city so fond of music that he cannot keep his foot still. Only the other night a young man began to serenade his daughter, and the way the old fellow's foot didn't keep still is reported to be a caution.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE King of Siam wants twenty or thirty American officers to reorganize and take command of his army. Siam should shout for colonels in an American barroom. If they would not take command for him, hundreds of them would take something else.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A MAN in Terre Haute, who recently secured a divorce from his wife, now employs her as his servant girl, and she has more money and better clothes than when she was his wife. If some men would treat their wives as they do their servant girls there would be fewer divorces.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE mistress of a house said to a young servant girl: "Maria, go see if Mr. Scott, the pork butcher, has pigs' feet." The servant girl departed and returned a few moments later. "Please, ma'am, I don't know; I couldn't see." "But what did you say?" "I didn't say anything. I looked at Mr. Scott—he had boots on."

A RECENT advertisement reads as follows: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an iron handle to the slate-roofed grocer's shop he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more, with the name engraved on it."

THE story comes from Paris that a lady who attended four churches in one day missed her umbrella on returning home. She immediately revisited all four churches and found her umbrella in the last one. When the umbrella was handed to her she thankfully said to the sexton: "The people at this church are much more honest than those at the others."

"HOW I PITY the poor such a night as this!" said Blande, as he sat in his comfortable apartment. "Then why," asked Bluff, "don't you put on your coat and go out and see if you cannot render assistance to some of them?" "Ah!" replied Blande, "then I shouldn't be so comfortable as I am now, and I might forget the poor and begin to pity myself. That would be selfish, you know."—*Boston Traveller.*

MILK.—In the course of a recent lecture in Baltimore on the subject of food and the markets in relations to municipal hygiene, Dr. John S. Billings affirmed that fifty-three diphtheria epidemics, seven scarlet fever epidemics, and twelve typhoid fever epidemics in England had been directly traced to the milk supply.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

BISMARCK ON LASKER.

THE GREAT GERMAN CHANCELLOR EXPLAINS HIS RECENT ACTION.

Questions of Policy—Mr. Ochiltree's Resolutions Regarded as Expressions of Good Feeling.

Prince Bismarck appeared in the Reichstag and made a speech in justification of the course he had pursued in refusing to transmit the Lasker resolution to the Reichstag. In his remarks, as telegraphed to the *Herald*, he said that he had recognized the good intentions of the American Congress, but he was unable to harness himself to the car of the opposition.

Prince Bismarck continued by saying: "I should have refrained from mentioning this matter except for the manner in which the Reichstag has discussed it and for the charge of interference made by Herr Richter. The relations of Germany with America have always been good. The government has constantly tried to cultivate them. Ever since I have been Minister the relations of the two countries have been satisfactory. After the war with Austria in 1866, and again after the Franco-Prussian war, America gave numerous proofs of sympathy, not only with the prosperity of the Empire, but also with the person of the Chancellor.

"Nothing has occurred to disturb these good relations. From the outset I regarded the resolution touching Herr Lasker as an expression of the good feeling of the American Congress toward Germany—the good feeling which has been promoted and cultivated by myself. I would have presented the resolution to the Reichstag had I not been prevented by its form.

"It was not confined to a general expression of sympathy, but it expressed the conviction that Herr Lasker's labors had been very useful to Germany. This clause was directed against the policy which, in the Emperor's name, I have been pursuing, and which Herr Lasker had opposed for years. Now, the question arises whether Herr Lasker was right. If he was, then the Emperor's policy, my policy, was wrong. Herr Lasker belonged to an opposition group who made immense capital out of Herr Lasker's merits."

The speaker was interrupted at this point with loud cries of "Shame" by the Left. He turned indignantly toward the quarter from which the cries came and, advancing toward the Left, shouted: "The cry of 'shame' is an insult to me and demands for me the protection of the President. I hope the anonymous libellers will give their names. They should have cried 'shame' on those who carried on political intrigues at Herr Lasker's grave.

"As Chancellor I can do nothing, of course, without the Emperor's approval, and I could not be expected to ask his permission to present such a resolution to the Reichstag. Herr Lasker introduced himself in America as the champion of German freedom against a government of despotic tendencies, impersonated in its Chancellor. Am I to make myself my enemy's postman?

"Even on the assumption that Americans are not intimately acquainted with our circumstances, the American Minister at Berlin, or some other official who possessed sufficient knowledge, might have sent a confidential warning against conferring on me the part of postman. This was not done. Therefore I instructed Herr Eisendecker, the German Minister at Washington, that I could not possibly forward the resolution. The resolution, moreover, did not emanate from Congress, but only from the House of Representatives. I never intended to annoy America or to disturb our relations.

"I am simply unable to make the opinion of Herr Lasker, adopted by the American House of Representatives, my own. My desire is that the good relations which have subsisted between the two countries for a century may still continue.

"My action was forced upon me by the abuse to which I was subjected here at home as a consequence of the vote of the House of Representatives. Prussia withstood all temptations from other Powers to interfere in the affairs of America and to recognize the Southern States. Indeed, Prussia might claim the merit of having prevented such a recognition by the benevolent attitude which she maintained."

Tempering the Wind.

Some one tells a story of a London cockney, who, while out shooting in India, came upon a large tiger, and thereupon began loudly vociferating for a cab. Another sort of species is the wife of a settler on the line of the Southern Pacific, whose house was submerged by the recent floods. Her husband was absent at the time, and for five days the plucky woman lived upon the roof with five small children, and subsisting upon a few potatoes she had carried up from below in the confusion. When rescued by a relief boat, she was asked by a reporter whether she had not suffered a great deal.

"Well, yes," she replied; "it was pretty rough, that's a fact. The nights were awful cold, and we only had one blanket between us, and that was wet. After the third day the children kept crying all the time for something to eat, and when I divided the last potato I most gave up all hope. On the fourth night a tree came floating by with a big wild-cat on it, and the creature jumped on our roof, too."

"Great heavens! what did you do then?" exclaimed the horrified listeners.

"Why," she replied, simply, "I just nailed down through the trap door and got Tim's gun off the rafters and shot the varmint. You bet we had a feast then. I made a fire with some shingles, and we lived on the meat until the boat came. Ah! gentlemen, you can say what you please, but heaven does temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

BAD LIQUOR.—Having had occasion to visit a number of country towns in Ohio recently, says Gath, and to be kept up traveling in the nights, I expressed my surprise at the bad quality of liquor everywhere found outside of the large cities. A gentleman spoke up and said: "Sir, the temperance cause is getting more assistance from the bad liquor kept in this State than from all the temperance societies that exist. A man who knows what is fit to drink prefers to abstain altogether rather than be poisoned by these compounds of varnish and vitriol." I was told that in the whole State of Ohio there were but two distilleries that made a pure article of whisky.

"UNLESS Congress takes immediate and decisive action silver is going to give us a great deal of trouble," says a prominent banker. It is the absence of silver that causes us a great deal of trouble.